

I Send My Prayers To The Cornfields

My palms are glowing to the greatness I bring
And the pure sun delights me
In all ways I couldn't imagine.
I live through the sounds of nature,
I feel the vibrant wind passing through

The cornfields as the maizes glisten
And wink to the sunlight,
Inspiring my heart and showing the world
How the hens and roosters sing and live

Among their peers. We should say thank you.
The seeds of courtesy they planted
Into the earthly ground.
I say my soft prayers quietly amidst the harvest noon,
Refilling the mind and soul differently again.

The velvety snow-white clouds bring droplets of cheers
To the hundreds of crops as I stood there
Mild and calm, as if thousands of birds
Were floating my body.

And the lovely hours have submitted to the horizon.